

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The Voice of Robert Burns

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who so base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow;
Let us do or die.



AN ENGLISHMAN FORGETS THE WAR

An Englishman we know has been trying to forget the war, and this is what he tells us of his experiment.

NOT since the Great War had I spent a week-end with a friend away from home, and now for eighty weeks another war with horror unspeakable had been pressing on us all. Surely it would be good to forget it for a little while.

And so I remembered a letter from a friend in the Surrey hills; a famous man whose invitations are not to be resisted. Could he pick me up at my desk any time, and would I go alone or take a friend? I chose to take a friend, and an hour's ride brought us to the green hills of paradise. It is like Blake's vision of Jerusalem come true.

Our Green and Pleasant Land

It is inspiring in these days to find so much of England's green and pleasant land still tranquil, with quiet days and sleepful nights, to sit in lovely rooms with elegant windows opening on soft lawns and mighty beeches, on old yews that have seen the generations pass, on pines and cedars so stately and still, on the little church at the gate of the trees that go marching until they climb the distant hills and reach the sky. At times it is true, as the poet says, that Great Nature is an army gay with her innumerable messengers of enchantment, but now she is a moving scene, with the majesty of a silent power beyond our understanding and a stillness from which nothing comes save a Still Small Voice which seems to say, *It is I; be not afraid.*

THE war is far away; the universal Spirit that inhabits the earth is very near.

Running through the heart of it all, a few steps from our windows, is the Roman road, embowered in trees and wrapt in the silence of the hills. Down it has flowed the still, sad music of humanity for nearly twenty centuries, Romans, Saxons, Normans, Danes. They dreamed their dreams and vanished, yet they are part of our English Scene—the Roman with his conquests, the Saxon building up our little churches, the Dane for ever invading us and stirring up the patriotic core in Alfred's heart, the powerful Norman welding unity from chaos and making us a nation at last. It is all in the little road here, the symbol and the witness of that continuity which runs like a spiritual thread through history and must in God's good time find as one all men, all space, all ages.

The Ancient Scene

We walk the little road with all it has to tell us of the Past: we climb the down with its illimitable vision of the Future. All round us is a ring made of a myriad trees, rising from the hills with which Nature has fortified her own Island. Under our feet is the bed of an ancient sea which rolled here long before the lion and the bear wandered about these ways. It has been a storm-tossed sea and a wilderness that was for thousands of years a region without a human foot to tread it down, and for thousands more the home of savage men who fought with sticks and stones. Today it is as fair a scene as we can find on earth; the sea has passed, the wilderness has blossomed as the rose, and we look on Nature as Wordsworth learned to look on her, feeling

*A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,*

*And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things . . .*

It is good to stand far off and see the world, not to be deceived by the nearness of events which count today and not tomorrow. It is good to feel that all this glory spread about us on a hilltop is the beating heart of Nature in her tranquillity, still but for ever moving, quiet but for ever shaping a new earth. It is good to be assured by something deep within us that in all this is the Eternal Spirit of the ages, that is not to be severed from its immortal destinies by evil powers however strong they be, or human calamities however cruel and unthinkable. It is good to seek from Nature the strength to be calm in storms and unafraid in the dark of a troubled night.

WE come down the hill, back along the Roman road, into an English home which has seen life unfolding through the centuries and remains the heart of this scene. It has two great inhabitants, P M and his dog. We may call him P M because he has been a prime minister. He has swayed a great Dominion, but his dog sways him. Odd it is to see a little dog stand and look at the world as if thinking of the wonder of it all, yet stranger still is the love of a dog for his master and the love of a man for his dog.

The mystery of life is not only in trees and streams and clouds and hills, not only in the ways of men; its mystic thread runs through all dumb creation. There is not a wise man anywhere who does not know that the mind of a dog is a more lovable thing than the minds of some men, and a nobler influence on mankind. Perhaps you remember Conan Doyle's dog Carlo:

*No truer, kinder soul
Was ever sped than thine;
You lived without a growl,
You died without a whine.*

The prime minister's dog is like the poet's, except that he has a kindly growl at times. Pat is inseparable from his master, though he would assert his English liberty by doing as he likes with the stick from the forests of British Columbia, hiding it till he chooses to bring it back and drop it where it should be. He will chase the shadows of Roman days on the Roman road and challenge British dogs in spite of orders not to, but at night he will sleep at the foot of the bed to show that there is no ill will, and he is up in the morning early for a run.

AND in this English home we found that noble spectacle all too rare, a library impressive to look on and easy to use, thousands of books bound in morocco with all the colours of the rainbow, on open shelves flooded with light, so that the treasures of mankind need no finding but are before our eyes. We may have Kipling in twenty volumes or in one, and in the single volume is a letter from R. K. and a verse in the poet's own hand. Here is the

Annual Register, with the daily events of the world for a hundred years and more; and the Sayings of History, in which we find Abraham Lincoln, having seen a slave beaten, saying that if ever God gives him the chance to do it he will hit that thing hard. And here is the book of that immortal naturalist Edward Wilson, with his delightful nature-studies, setting us thinking of his never-failing courage as he tramped with Scott and his companions, dying with Scott's arm about him after he had written that farewell letter to his wife:

Don't be unhappy—all is for the best. We are playing a good part in a great scheme arranged by God himself. I leave this life in absolute faith that all is best to those that love God, and oh, my Ory, we have both loved Him with all our lives.

AND here is Disraeli's round table, on which he may have written that his opinion of an agreeable person was a person who agreed with him. Here, too, are freedoms in gold caskets, treasures in fine cabinets, and all the riches of the quiet mind. How wonderful a library is, and how poor a rich man is without it! We have strawberries in the garden, grown by the gardener who has loved the place for nearly half a century. We have great and lofty Adam rooms, white walls, ceilings, and friezes made delightful by his handiwork; craftsmanship from Italy and work from East London fit to keep it company. We have a kinema in the basement

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A Surrey Lane Under the Hills

From Verdun to Vichy

MARSHAL PÉTAIN's stand for Free France in the last war held the whole world spellbound.

The French resistance at Verdun lives in history with Thermopylae. It has put into the history books for ever the words *They shall not pass*.

Now Marshal Pétain, forgetting Verdun, has sold the pass at Vichy. He fought at Verdun against a nation that had broken its word; at Vichy he has broken the word of France and betrayed his old Allies.

Under the Armistice with Germany a part of France and all her Colonies were to remain under her control as well as that part of her fleet which served these colonies.

Now Admiral Darlan has made a new agreement with Hitler, publicly agreed to by Marshal Pétain, by which, in return for a small relief from the burden on France, Germany has been allowed to use the airfields of Syria to enable Hitler to send help to the rebels in Iraq.

This use of Syria (a Mandate country which France has no right to use in this way) is not likely to be confined to the air, for there is little doubt that the Syrian ports have been made available for any ships the Germans can send to them. German occupation of Syria in force would not only help Iraq

rebels, but would threaten both Palestine and Egypt on the south and Turkey on the north.

Under this new agreement it is possible that the whole of French Africa will be thrown open to the Barbarians. From Morocco Hitler can thus threaten our power in the Western Mediterranean, and from Dakar in Senegal the New World is no farther than Crete is from Gibraltar, for Brazil juts out far into the Atlantic.

Other secret terms may include the passage of German armies through Unoccupied France with the use of her Mediterranean ports, as bases for submarines and so on. In truth, it would seem that Marshal Pétain has handed France over to Germany regardless of honour or of his old Allies. It is a shameful betrayal.

Good Neighbours

THE good neighbourliness of Sweden, to which we have referred before, is continuing. The deliveries of wooden houses to Finland and to Norway have recently been completed; American visitors to Oslo report that one of the men engaged in putting up these gift-homes for Norwegians whose houses have been destroyed by war is a son of Nansen, the famous Polar explorer.

More self-sacrificing than the present of houses is the present of sugar. During one month

Swedes gave 350 tons of sugar out of their own rations; most of this is being sent by the Red Cross to Finland, which needs it badly, and some will go to the poor and sick in Norway. Swedish people are also acting as "god-parents" to needy children in Finland and Norway, paying regular monthly sums for the maintenance of the children thus adopted. In the first month of this scheme over 1500 people (or groups of people) took responsibility for Finnish children and over 100 for Norwegian children.

AN ENGLISHMAN FORGETS THE WAR

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fit for West London, with films that make us laugh until we cry. But we have nothing better than the library which enshrines the minds of all the ages and the knowledge of our own.

WE sit by the log fire while the world outside is sleeping (let us hope), talking of books and nations and empires and men until the clock strikes two and drives us to bed. We wonder what will happen to us all when peace comes back and the bill for all this evil must be paid. Must we all start life again? Will there be a chance to keep up these fine homes, these stately libraries, these noble parks and spacious gardens? What is the next chapter the Roman road will tell of the world grown up about it?

We leave it all and ride back to London town, the stricken capital an hour away. We had forgotten the war, but it is with us again. We drive through the battlefields to Westminster, with the battered roofs of Parliament, the gaping tiles of Westminster Hall, and smoke coming from the Abbey. It is hard to find our way from place to place. The old familiar scenes are scattered by bomb and scarred by fire. The hand of violence has been laid on our altars and the tombs of

our kings. The little red houses in the cloister are gone, the king's windows are broken, streets are closed and doors are locked and great houses lie in rubbish heaps. But the Abbey men are cheerful that no great harm is done within its sacred walls, and outside his stricken deanery we come upon the Dean. He has lost all that he had, his books and letters and papers, his home and everything in it, his very clothes except those he is standing in. And yet it was a comfortable greeting Dean de Labilliere gave us in that sad hour, with a smile and a noble word, and the spirit of thankfulness that much remains to build again. We left him with a tear in our eyes that a man should be so kindly and so brave under the blows of fate.

IN the streets the pestered London policeman was answering questions with a smile, the Abbey men were picking up hymn-sheets from the grass, and we saw a schoolgirl buying roses in the Strand. The prime minister, the artist, and the man of books and papers were back in the turmoil of the war, but in the midst of the tumult was the Still Small Voice that whispers, *See that ye be not troubled, for these things must come to pass; but the end is not yet.*

THE ARMY DOG

The War Office invited dog owners to lend their dogs to the Army, and they were soon overwhelmed with offers. We note that the official notice did not name the Alsatian as a suitable breed, but surely it is among the best for such a purpose. Certainly, a correspondent writes, the most intelligent dog he saw at a training establishment in France in the World War was an Alsatian; he was used to help to train the others.

In the case of that establishment the dogs were trained to carry messages and formed in companies of three. It was wonderful to see how unerringly a dog would bring back to the base a message from a distance. Interesting, too, was the method by which they were taught not to fear the noise of guns. Pits were made round their quarters, and when feeding time arrived hand-grenades were thrown into these pits, so that the shots came to be welcomed as friends and not as enemies.

What a Nazi Said

The Prime Minister of the Netherlands, speaking in London not long ago, gave a moving testimony to the spirit of the people, a spirit of contempt for the invaders, of courageous passive resistance, of unwavering confidence in the future. A German soldier was heard to say:

Anyone would think we were the vanquished and the Dutch the victors.

One of the things the Prime Minister said was that "God has preserved a people who refuse to bend the knee before the false greatness of Adolf Hitler."

The Thrush at the Window

There is a dining-room in Bridlington where a thrush is bringing up a family.

At present she is sitting on five eggs, and, though people are continually moving about the room, she takes no notice.

Her nest is on a ledge of the window. When she began building it the bits of twig she gathered were blown down as quickly as she put them in position, so the lady of the house made a kind of platform by arranging coloured wool near the open window. As a rule a bird will have nothing to do with anything touched by human hands, but this thrush seemed grateful and quickly built her nest on the new foundation.

Cricket at Tobruk

The hot season has already begun in Libya, but British soldiers manage to play cricket. Their pitch is rolled sand and matting, and they have to leave off every half hour to bathe, but by beginning the match at six they contrive to get a game before the sun scorches everything.

THINGS SEEN

A sparrow enjoying a bath in a hatful of water in a London crater.

An old lady of 80 fighting her way through her bombed house to rescue her cat.

A driver of a crowded London bus asking the way at Lewisham.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

FROM pennies subscribed by Durham and Northumberland working people, twelve pianos have been sent to the British garrison in Iceland.

More Bibles than Mein Kampf were sold in Germany last year.

A Society of the Blitzed is being started in Lancashire, the object being to help anyone who has suffered through air raids.



THE Y M C A has 500 mobile canteens working in nine counties.

Seven sons of Mr and Mrs William Healey, of Rhodes, Lancashire, are in the Forces.

Nearly 1000 Barnardo sailors are in the Navy and over 700 in the Merchant Navy.

It is reported that German troops in the streets of Athens are allowed to pass in silence by the crowds, but Italian troops are booed.

Many laundries in Yorkshire are collecting old clothes from their customers and cleaning and repairing them for people who have lost their clothes in air raids.

Egypt is still sending us small cargoes of onions. They are carried on the open decks of ships.

THE War Office has, owing to the change in war equipment, been able to release 10,000 cavalry swords for the scrap-metal campaign.

The Post Office tells us that the delivery of mail is held up because the numbers on damaged houses cannot be seen; we are asked to chalk up our numbers on the nearest wall or post.

At the bottom of a Cheshire salt mine, 500 feet deep, lie 1000 bottles of blood prepared for transfusions.

Driver Goldsack was mortally wounded when a Nazi machine-gunned his train in a South of England raid, but he saved the train and passengers by backing into a station; then he went to hospital, and died.

A squad of Royal Engineers has dug up a cannon in the grounds of a barracks near Glasgow; it weighs five tons, and it is believed to have been used in the Napoleon Wars. An officer remembered its being buried 40 years ago, when he was a band-boy. It was buried because the price of scrap metal in those days was too small to pay for transport; now it will help to win this war.

It has been stated that U.S. steel production has reached 99 per cent of capacity.

Scout and Guide News Reel

ON the anniversary of the invasion of their country by the Germans, Belgian Scouts at Buxton received their National and Scout Colours, and the first Belgian Patrol Leaders in England received their badges of rank.

A Yorkshire Wolf Cub Pack has not missed a week of waste-paper collecting since September 1939.

Guides of the Gold Coast have sent to the Red Cross a big case of comforts, bandages, splint pads, and so on.

Nottingham Scouts are to cultivate gardens attached to buildings taken over for the war.

Bath Scouts have been asked by the Director of Kew to collect the

A LENGTH of more than 34 miles of scarves has already been knitted by women of the Empire.

An allotment in a Bridgewater park, measuring 10 yards by 30, has in one year produced a ton of vegetables.

Bermundsey children, collecting farthings for War Weapons Week, presented a basketful to the Mayor.

THE Post Office recently obtained nearly £200,000 by the sale of recovered stores, including 400 bunces of gold and 4000 tons of copper; £7000 a year is obtained from the sale of platinum, gold, and silver contact points from old telephone apparatus.

Our friend Mrs. Daisy Bates said, after listening in for the first time to the wireless at Adelaide, that she hated the whole thing, including her own voice!

Over £2000 was paid for the manuscript of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd," auctioned in New York.

Owing to difficulties in communication, Iceland has severed her union with Denmark which began in 1918.

Sir Henry Coward, now 91, beloved of choirs and choral societies all over the country, is a fire-watcher, one of the first volunteers in his district of Yorkshire.

Mrs Dorothy Holmes, 102 years old, has seen British soldiers leave for seven wars, from the boys in red coats who fought in the Crimea to soldiers in modern battle dress; "they won all the other wars," she says, "and they will win this."

A BOARD OF EDUCATION circular says schoolchildren must have practice in wearing gas-masks.



Wild boars leaving nearby forests to root up crops in the villages have caused much anxiety to farmers round Vichy.

Government Departments are asking for information about all premises with a floor area of 3000 square feet or more; they need 14,000,000 square feet of space for dispersing munitions, food, raw materials, equipment, and so on.

Mr Bevin asked at Leeds the other day for 10,000 volunteers for agricultural drainage work; if he can get them within a month he will be able to bring a million acres under cultivation.

Queen's House, Greenwich, built for Henrietta Maria by Inigo Jones, and England's smallest palace, has been damaged in a recent raid.

seed of the autumn crocus so that it may be grown at Kew for Colchicum, a valuable drug, to be extracted from it.

TRANSVAAL Guides have a Mobile Canteen serving 150 Europeans and 400 native soldiers near Johannesburg.

The 1st Warkworth Guides have collected seven bushels of fir cones required by the Forestry Commissioner for seeds; and Warkworth Brownies are growing Scots Pine trees from seeds they have recovered from cones.

Pennryn Scouts have joined forces with the local Boys Brigade to cultivate gardens of men in the Forces.

Love Among the Ruins

NEHEMIAH GREW, the Father of English Botany, whose tercentenary the Linnean Society has just celebrated, left few memorials behind him in the London where he lived and wrote; but one, mentioned by Dr Agnes Arber, the botanist, in the paper she presented at the society's meeting in Burlington House, has suffered a strange experience at the present time.

It is the memorial tablet to his first wife, Mary Grew, which hung in Christ Church, Newgate Street, for more than 250 years, but was thought to have perished when the church

was destroyed by a German bomb.

A few weeks ago the vicar found among the ruins the memorial tablet to Mary Grew, "the most dearly loved wife of Nehemiah Grew, most beautiful in mind and body, a jewel of Nature enriched by religion." It was almost, if not quite, the only wall tablet still readable, and the bust of Mary, though thrown out for some yards and broken, is not destroyed.

Nehemiah's tribute to his wife has survived the bombs and continues to do honour to his affection and hers.

GOOD FOR FISHERMEN?

Meat being unavailable for her husband's dinner, a London housewife of limited income ordered a small mackerel. It cost her 8d. She expressed the hope that the brave fishermen who venture their lives in quest of mackerel would benefit to the full from prices so extraordinary, and the C.N. echoes her hope, but with a melancholy doubt.

HARD-WON BREAKFAST

Bempton in Yorkshire has just seen steel-helmeted men swinging down the face of its 500-foot cliffs (they had seen a trial run before, but this was the real thing). To save a man, or a sheep, marooned on the narrow ledges? Oh dear no—just gathering eggs for breakfast!

What a thrill to have a lovely sea-blue or sea-green egg in one's egg-cup, all marked or speckled or blotched with jet-black! And how satisfying in these rationed days to have an egg so much bigger and richer than our scarce hens' eggs.

WAR TRANSPORT

The Ministry of Shipping has been very wisely amalgamated with the Ministry of Transport, under the title of Ministry of Wartime Transport.

This is an excellent reform, for ocean shipping, coastwise shipping, railways, ports, and canals really form one whole. They can now be properly related under a single head and each made to serve the other.

The combination of submarine attack with air attack, mine attack, and surface craft creates many urgent problems. It is useless to bring a ship safely through danger zones at sea if in port she is to be destroyed by bombing. At sea the ship can zigzag to avoid the enemy; in port she is a stationary target.

BRING UP YOUR WASHING

Two soap manufacturers have combined to do an excellent work.

First, all bombed-out housewives of a badly damaged district of London are invited to bring their family washing to the local school. Here is a mobile washhouse, provided by Hudsons the soapmakers, and demonstrators wash essential clothing for 50 families a day. At the same school Lever Brothers have set up a free hot bath service for the children while mother waits for her washing. An engine run on crude oil heats enough water for 40 baths an hour, and towels and soap are provided. Another unit operates in a South London area, and it is hoped to extend these free services to badly bombed districts in the provinces.

The washhouse van generates its own electricity to run a washing machine and a wringer.

THE FLYING DARK ROOM

A new development in photographing from the air is now being practised by the U.S. Army Air Corps. Ordinary photographs made by reconnaissance aeroplanes are taken to the air base and there developed; but there are occasions in action when photographs should be examined at once. Consequently the planes are equipped with special arrangements for developing them as they are taken.

The whole process occupies no more than seven minutes after exposure, and the completed photograph is then dropped in a metal container to the selected neighbourhood where it is wanted. So that it may be readily noted and picked up, a streamer is attached to the container.

EYES EVERYWHERE

The motorist who drives through New York's newest tunnel from Manhattan to Queens has an uncanny feeling that his movements are being watched.

He is quite right. The tunnel is alive with eyes, electric eyes that count the cars as they go into the tunnel and subtract the number leaving, so that an officer on watch knows exactly how many cars are in the tunnel. Another eye sees that trucks entering are not too high, giving out a warning noise which sends a guard racing to tell the driver he cannot go through.

HELPING ON THE APPLES

Something will have to be done about the codling moth if our English apple crop is to restore to us the apples so sadly absent from our bill of fare now that the overseas varieties have temporarily vanished.

The moth lays its eggs near the first fruits and the larvae ruins them as they grow, and the best remedy is to spray them. Unhappily the spray now used is deadly to the bees, but a new spray is announced which is fatal to larvae but leaves bees unhurt. It is called phenothiazine, and comes from coal tar.

THUNDER OVER BRITAIN

Mrs Bower, of Oakes near Huddersfield, is our Number One Thunder Spotter. Her meteorologist son is on war service, so she has taken charge of the British Thunderstorm Census, which works to solve one of the greatest weather mysteries, the secret of the thunderstorm. She has reports from 3000 observers all over the country, including every sort of worker, and even women, if they have overcome their traditional objection to thunder and lightning. A strange thing is that since war broke out there has been much less thunder.



Coming Down

Apart from being the airman's lifebelt, the parachute has made its mark in history in this war. A year ago masses of Nazi parachutists descended on the Low Countries, and lately the world was no less astonished when a solitary Nazi arrived in Scotland by the same means.

THE YOUNG LAMBS PLAY

A Kent correspondent sends this story of a surprise. While walking through a wood he heard a strange drumming noise from a meadow in which were sheep and young lambs. Thinking someone was trespassing he made his way to the hedge. He found that about a dozen lambs were playing "follow-my-leader" along the bottoms of upturned feeding-troughs. At the end of each gallop they raced back over the grass, and repeated their noisy run.

THE SCHOOL COMES TO THE CHILDREN

Nine little Australians who live in a village near Broken Hill can hardly wait to get to school in the mornings.

It is not often that a school-room appears out of the blue, but this is what happened at Darnick. One morning there was no school, and the next day there was one complete with teacher!

The school had come racing along the railway line, for it was a railway carriage. As these children lived too far from a school the school had come to them. The carriage has desks, seats, and blackboards, and the teacher has his own living rooms.

FROM 1543

In 1543 Robert Dowse, vicar of Bitteswell in Leicestershire, left money "to find and provide an armed man out of the village of Bitteswell for the King in time of war whenever it should so happen."

Now the War Office has received £25 from this ancient legacy.

THE HOME GUARD

All honour to the Home Guard; but if the truth be known it has not yet won the respect of small boys. Proof of this was forthcoming the other day in a toyshop window, where an announcement read:

Toy soldiers 4d—Home Guards 2d.

NEWS FOR THE BARBER

We do not know if the New Poets wear long hair, but if so they can help their country by getting it cut.

It seems that superfluous hair is going to help to win the war. Tons of it are wanted for chemical processes for things needed by the Ministry of Supply. We hear that hairdressers have formed an organisation for the collection of hair.

Raising the Plimsoll Line

So great is the shortage of ships that the raising of the Plimsoll Mark is being seriously considered by the Government.

This line is marked on the ship's hull to show the extent to which the ship may be laden with cargo. Infringement of the mark is an offence heavily punished. If we raise the line we lower the ship's safety, but the urgent circumstances compel the relaxation of the safety rule.

The mark gets its name, of course, from Samuel Plimsoll, who brought the subject before Parliament with such force that a Royal Commission was appointed, and was followed by the

THE ELECTRON BOILS A POT

A new furnace for melting metals, which is proving of great service to engineering science, is a tiny crucible raised to a tremendous heat by electrons.

The crucible containing the metals to be melted is stood inside a little tantalum cup which is placed in a vacuum vessel in which there is also a red-hot electric filament. The cup, charged with positive electricity, attracts the electrons streaming off the filament, and their bombardment simply results in heating it up. There seems to be no limit to the heat to which the pot can be raised, but there are limits to the materials of which the crucible can be made.

New alloys of platinum, tungsten, and other metals are being discovered with the aid of the little electron furnace, truly a wizard's cauldron.

MANY LITTLES MAKE A LOT

In all parts of the Empire freewill gifts continue to be made to help to pay for the war.

Among recent gifts to Canada's War Fund was one from a doctor who sent £12, his account for aid rendered to Red Indians during an epidemic. A 13-year-old girl of Detroit, U.S.A., sent £1, her pocket-money for a month; a trapper far away up in Arctic Canada sent £5; Japanese fishermen working on the Upper Fraser River sent £10; and 175 veterans of the last war are contributing the whole or part of their pensions.

THE CRIME OF WASTE

Toc H, making war on all things evil, has not forgotten our great national crime of Waste. The waste of today is an incalculable scandal.

One branch of Toc H has realised £400 in a town of 8000 people, and hopes to raise it to £1000; another branch (at Wellington in Somerset) has saved 100 tons of wastepaper and 80 tons of scrap iron, rags, and bottles, valued at £170.

ESCAPE OF AN ONION BED

A correspondent has been talking with a little man in his shirt sleeves. "Yes," he said, pausing in his digging to look at the heap of bricks behind him, "the bomb went right through the house. Direct hit! Luckily my wife and I were in the shelter. And there was another bit of luck about it too, for the house fell frontwards into the street. If it had tumbled this way my onion bed would have been simply ruined."

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



A Little Present From Hitler

It was interesting to find two pieces of news coming together in five minutes recently.

The Duke of Aosta called for surrender terms in Abyssinia, where the King of Italy has lost his crown;

A Yugo-Slav Quisling went to Rome to offer to the King of Italy the crown of Croatia as a little present from Hitler.

The king was pleased to accept the small consolation; having a crown to spare (even if it is but five years old) a king must find a use for it, and the King of Italy has handed the crown to his cousin, the Duke of Spoleto.

Yet was ever such a laughing-stock as this blacksmith's son Mussolini running about the world to pick up thrones for a few short years for his royal master?

The Policeman and the Poet

WE ought to be able to arrest anybody who stands and stares.

A London policeman
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
W. H. Davies

Continued from the previous column

will not rest before a system is destroyed which is a constant menace to our neighbours? Must they not otherwise fear that in a few years' time they will again have to take up arms and again see their provinces overrun and their towns and villages destroyed? Have not they proved to be right who declared that the spirit of Treitschke and Bernhardt governed the German people, that spirit which glorified war as such and did not loathe it as an evil; that with us the feudal knight and Junker, the warrior caste, still rule and form ideals and values, not the civilian gentleman; that the love of the duel which animates our academic youth still persists in those who control the destinies of the people?

And what must we expect as the result of this war of nations? . . . Then will be realised the plan of the great Rhodes, who saw the salvation of humanity in the expansion of Britondom.

IN 1941, with the Hitler War still raging, Rudolf Hess, Deputy Fuehrer of the German people, deserts his post and surrenders himself to the British nation. We may guess what we will, but one thing is plain.

As Napoleon surrendered to the most generous of his foes;

As Lichnowsky paid tribute to our honour in 1916;

So Rudolf Hess surrendered to this only country in Europe where freedom is possible, justice will be done, and peace will be established.

THESE are hard, and anxious days, and a long and painful journey is before us; but it is good to fight bravely and wait patiently with the assurance from our enemies that our hands are clean and the consciousness within ourselves that our triumph is sure.

Any More For England?

THREE DRAMAS OF THREE WARS

ANY more for England? we were asking the other day, echoing the cry of the Navy at Lofoten Islands. It would seem that many more would come to be free if they could break off their chains.

Now that the dramatic surrender of Hitler's right-hand man is a more than nine days' wonder we are free to consider its rightful significance, and, whatever may come of it in the end, it is one of the greatest compliments ever paid to the British Empire.

WHY, within a few days of standing by Hitler in the Reichstag, did Rudolf Hess, his bosom friend and deputy leader of the German people, desert his high post and fly to Scotland? It was clearly because he knew the Nazis cannot win and that something is rotten in the Reich. But far more interesting to us and the historian is the fact that this creator of the Nazi Despotism chose to come to the heart of the British Empire, the only seat of justice left in Europe.

He knew that we had been denounced by all the foul voices of Nazidom as the enemy of mankind, conspirators and destroyers, in secret alliance with all the evil powers to wreck the German Empire and thwart its life. He had listened a thousand times to Nazi broadcasts that we were filthy, greedy, decadent, and doomed to give way to the triumphant New Order of young nations.

His arrival in this country, therefore, is a dramatic confession of Nazi lying, of faith in our fair dealing, of fear of German tyranny.

WE have had three great wars in Europe in modern times—the Napoleon War, the Kaiser War, and the Hitler War. We have won them all and are winning this;

but what is it that history will say when these three wars are seen in clear perspective as one long fight of the powers of tyranny against the freedom of the English-speaking race?

Let us look at three things that have happened in these three wars.

IN 1815 Napoleon wrote this letter to England:

A victim to the factions which distract my country and to the enmity of the greatest Powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself upon the hospitality of the British people.

I put myself under the protection of their laws . . . as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.

So Napoleon surrendered to his conqueror.

IN 1916, when this country was still fighting for its life in the Great War, Prince Lichnowsky, German Ambassador in London when the war broke out, declared that Britain was guiltless of the war and that Germany, wanting war under any circumstances, had deliberately wrecked the chance of peace.

This is what Prince Lichnowsky wrote while the Great War was still raging:

The British Government showed the greatest consideration for our interests and wishes. My mission was wrecked, not by the wiles of the British Government, but by the wiles of our own policy.

Looking back after two years, I come to the conclusion that I realised too late that there was no room for me in the system that only tolerated representatives who reported what their superiors wished to read.

Is it not intelligible that our enemies should declare that they

Under the Editor's Table

AN MP says there is too much red tape about the War Cabinet. He would prefer to give it more rope.

CITURCHILL is the right man in the right place. In fact he is all right.

GEORGIAN architecture is the fine flower of the English spirit, says a writer. If he had to choose he would pick it.

MANY old men have become errand boys. And they deliver the goods.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If souls in foot-ball have anything to do with times. They take them ducks in cricket in.

ITALIANS deny that they are usually driven back. They go on foot.

A 24-HOUR day is urged by Roosevelt, says a heading. What have we had up to now?

Nor many men in big business invite

Tale of a Coat

TWO surprises were in a letter Sam Carpenter of Coffeyville, Kansas, opened the other day. One was a five-dollar bill and the other was the nicest note he had ever read.

It reminded him of a cold winter's night 12 years ago. He was having his car filled with petrol when he noticed a lad of about 15 standing on a street corner. He walked over and saw that the boy looked half-starved and was shivering.

He talked with him, and found that he was a tramp, walking

to California with only enough money for bed and breakfast that night. Have you no coat? he asked, and then took the lad to a shop, explained the circumstances, and bought a coat for half price, which was five dollars.

Mr Carpenter sent the grateful youth on his way warmly clad and with a little spending money to go on with, and the incident passed from his mind until the two surprises came out of the letter the other day, for the money and note were from the lad he had befriended.

15,000 Peace Flights

LAST year Russian ambulance planes made 15,000 flights in answer to special calls for medical aid. Sometimes patients were borne to medical centres, sometimes doctors were flown to the patients.

Aviation is of growing importance to public health in Russia, and the planes are used to combat malaria. As in Canada, Australia, and other vast countries, the plane is being used to link up places not yet connected by road or rail. Today they fly regularly over the

Siberian tundra, the deserts of Central Asia, and the Pamir mountains, serving the needs of agriculture and forestry, of trapping, hunting, and fishing.

One of the latest routes runs from Moscow along the northern Arctic shores of Siberia to Anadyr on the Pacific, a distance of about 5000 miles; and new float-planes cross the Sea of Okhotsk to bring Petropavlovsk on Kamchatka within 11 hours of Khabarovsk on the Siberian route, instead of the seven-day journey by rail and steamer.

Diplodocus on the Cricket Pitch

SERIOUS as are the times, cricket is once more being played in our midst, by soldiers and by boys on greens all over the country, the players in many cases measuring and marking out the pitches for themselves.

In one of his delightful books Mr J. A. Spender tells a story of his finding at the Natural History Museum two boys blending scientific inquiry with the game of their hearts. In one of the galleries stands a model of

an extinct reptile, the diplodocus, nearly 13 feet high and 84 feet long.

With a tape measure the boys were anxiously measuring off 22 yards of the centre of the body, excluding a considerable part of the neck and tail. They wanted to know exactly how much of the beast would stand on a cricket pitch, and how much would be left over at each end. That done, one boy bowled an imaginary ball, and then both left with an air of triumph.



ARP Goes to Oxford

Undergraduates at Oxford have been entertaining ARP worker from London who have been enjoying a rest in the University City after strenuous days and nights in the bombed Capital.

years ago we gave this page to the War Savings Committee, and we produce it again for War Weapons Weeks. How tragic that such an attempt fits the world again!

KEEP HIM OUT

There is the mark
of a beast across
Europe. It is the
oil of the Hun.



Like a creature
from Inferno he
creeps across the
Rhine, withering
smiling lands, turn-
ing the fair garden
of this world into
a hospital of pain
and a wilderness of
death.

He has brought back slavery into Europe; he has led whole races
out of freedom and put them in chains. He has torn millions
families asunder. He has burned men to death, beaten them to
death, starved them to death.

No crime has been too foul for him; no fear has held him back.
The spirit of the tiger is upon him, with the cunning of a serpent in
the brain of a man. He has set back the clock of civilisation,
enslaved whole populations, and sent out assassins by land and
sea. He has destroyed whole countries, stolen their harvests, and
ruined off their manufactories. He has stained the history of
mankind with his deeds of infamy. He has Herod in his Zeppelins,
Nero in his armies, and Nero on his throne.

Do you want to see the trail of the Hun across the fields of Kent,
across the Yorkshire moors, across the fair towns of this beautiful
England?

Keep him out of England. Keep the trail of the Hun from our
beaches.

There is one way for you to do it. You can either go to France
to fight, or can stop at home and pay, and either way will count.
Not all can fight, but all can pay. Every man, every woman,
every child can pay, for we pay when we save; we pay when we lend.
We are buying victory when we save waste or when we lend our
money to the State. Every man, every woman, every child counts
in; every bit of labour and food and metal and fuel and timber,
every horse and every nail, every workshop and every kitchen and
every pound. We must throw it all in.

Go to the Post Office and buy a War Bond now, or a Savings
Certificate. The Government will pay you back with interest
on victory. Bonds and bullets, both will beat the Hun.

Two Bombs on Cornwall

An enemy raid in Cornwall, a
Nazi plane, believed to have
been hit, began to unload its
bombs. One fell on a house and
killed all its occupants, father,
mother, and two girls; and
another bomb fell on an old barn
far away in which the farmer
raised 200 chickens.

The bomb demolished the barn
completely and the farmer ex-
pected that his birds, roosting
on their perches for the night,
would also be destroyed.

Imagine his surprise the next
morning to see the 200 chicks
coming to greet him for their
breakfast—not one bird missing,
so far as he could see, not
injured or seriously alarmed,
only a remarkable event, for

several other houses were des-
troyed and nearly 40 people
were injured in the locality.
Whatever may be the explana-
tion of the safety of the chicks
(it is believed locally that they
were helped to escape by their
wings functioning with the blast
of the explosion), the fact of
their safety did not lessen the
grief of the occasion when the
family were laid to rest in the
village churchyard, father and
mother in one grave, and the
children next to them.

Many hundreds of people were
there, for the family was deeply
respected, and the elder girl,
though only 15, had already
begun to make herself useful in
the village chapel.

Sounds We Do Not Hear

There is news of sound waves
that we never hear, but which
are daily finding new things to
do in the work of the world.

They are the waves of sound
going by the vibrations of
crystallized quartz, and
they vibrate in unison a million
times a second. Some of the
things which they are now per-
forming have lately been men-
tioned by Professor Russell
Cristofani. They govern the
movements of the most accurate

astronomical clocks in the world
(there is one at Greenwich keep-
ing time with the stars); and
they act as wave filters to keep
wireless waves apart.

The latest task submitted to
these unheard waves, which are
so powerful because so many are
packed into a second, is to
precipitate smoke and dissipate
fog. They are employed also to
detect icebergs by reflection
from them; and even to speed
up the pickling of cucumbers!

THE CLOAK OF COURAGE

LORD, if I had the choice to don
One virtue as a cloak of gold,
I would wear the Cloak of Courage

Courage to speak when speech
can help,
The strength to leave unsaid the
words
That passing anger tempts the
lips to speak;
Valour to fight when only death
Can be the end, and fight so well
That men shall see in death but
victory;
Daring to raise my thoughts
above
The mundane cares that strangle
life;
Courage to bring none pain,
courage to dream,
So when the end comes, I may
pass
Into the Vale that lies beyond,
And wear the Cloak of Courage
as I go.

He Makes Nothing in Vain

You learn lessons from the rocks
and hills themselves, instead of
from books about them—that this
world is, like the other worlds
floating with it in the great star-
filled spaces, very, very old and
ever-changing, so old that men
make all sorts of guesses about its
birthday; and that, unlike us who
become wrinkled and grey, this
dear old world keeps ever fresh and
ever beautiful, brightened by the
smiling sunlight of God playing
over its face.

It is enough for us to know that
the Good Being who made the
world put man on it at the best and
fittest time, and that He makes
nothing in vain, whether it be rock,
tree, flower, fish, bird, beast, or man.
Edward Clodd

ARISTOCRACY

THE pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover any time to him
Is aristocracy. Emily Dickinson

By Faith We Strive and Hope and Win

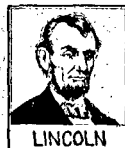
FAITH is the substance of things
hoped for, the evidence of
things not seen. Ay, truly, faith
is the motive-power of humanity.
By faith we make mental in-
ferences. By faith we regulate
our lives. Had we no faith in the
future we should become supine.
Had we no faith in goodness and
love we might well despair. By
faith we strive, we hope, and
up to our measure we achieve.
Through faith, though at times
we suffer, we cling to a larger
hope; we reach a hand through
time to catch "the far-off interest
of tears." Already we can begin
to make preparations for the
ultimate unknown destiny of
man. Sir Oliver Lodge

Cloudless Youth They Brought

Not some poor remnant of the
mortal span,
A few pale years, with toil or grief
outworn,
But cloudless youth, gifts of the
spring and morn,
They brought in sacrifice to God and
man. J. Saxon Mills

THE GLOWING FIRE

I BUILT a chimney for a comrade
old
And love's sweet wages were my
only hire,
And then I travelled on in
winter's cold,
Yet all the day I glowed before
the fire. Edwin Markham



CARRY ON

THE DICTATORS HAVE DONE US A MARVELLOUS SERVICE

For centuries we have enjoyed
certain blessings: a stable
law, before which the poor man
and the rich man were equal;
freedom within that law to
believe what we pleased, to write
what we pleased, to say what we
pleased; a system of govern-
ment which gave the ultimate
power to the ordinary man.
We have lived by toleration,
rational compromise, and freely
expressed opinion, and we have
lived very well.

But we had come to take these
blessings for granted, like the air
we breathed. They had lost all
glamour for us since they had
become too familiar. Indeed, it
was a mark of the intellectual to
be rather critical and contemp-
tuous of them. Paradoxical
young men acquired a cheap
reputation by sneering at the
liberal spirit in politics, and

questioning the value of free
discussion, toleration, and com-
promise.

Today we have seen those
principles challenged in the
fundamentals, not by a few
armchair theorists, but by great
Powers supported by great
armies... in danger of being
destroyed. Today we value free-
dom, I think, as we have not
valued it before. Just as a man
never appreciates his home so
much as when he is compelled
to leave it, so now we realise our
inestimable blessings when they
are threatened. We have been
shaken out of our smugness and
warned of a great peril, and in
that warning lies our salvation.
The dictators have done us a
marvellous service in reminding
us of the true values of life.

John Buchan in
"Memory-Hold-the-Door"

Glory That Perishes Not

A SONG of hate is a song of hell,
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song.
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,
ENGLAND.

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede,
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls,
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words,
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragic glory of Gordon and Scott,
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes
not.

Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
ENGLAND.

Shatter her beauteous breast we
may,
The spirit of England none can
slay.

SO MANY OF US

GOD must have loved the plain
people; He made so many
of them. Abraham Lincoln

He Will Not Be a Slave

ALL things are lawful for me, but
I will not be brought under
the power of any. St Paul



The fine sculpture representing Manufacture, on the Victoria
Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace. The gift of New
Zealand, it is one of four corner groups by Sir Thomas Brock.

WHAT IS THE CABINET? A Laugh Across the World

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Please explain about the Cabinet. What precisely is it?

Man. The Cabinet is the Council of Government which exercises supreme authority in the State. It consists of the chief members of the Government, with the Prime Minister as its chairman. Thus it brings together round one table, at 10 Downing Street, the heads of the great Departments of State, each able to inform the Cabinet Council of the progress and needs of a vital section of government.

Boy. Is it the same thing as the Privy Council?

Man. No, yet the Cabinet originated in the Privy Council, which in the old days advised the King on high policy. The Privy Council was the King's Council. The Cabinet arose from the fact that when George the First came to the throne he was unable to speak English, while the Privy Councillors could not speak German. So King George did not attend the Privy Council meetings, and his place was taken by the Prime Minister. Thus the Cabinet came into existence as a council apart from the Privy Council. The monarch since then has taken no part in actual government, leaving it to the Cabinet to shape policy.

Boy. Is there any law on the subject?

Man. None. The Cabinet is unknown to the law, yet is the all-important organ of government; its head, the Prime Minister, is in effect *King for the time being*. The Cabinet stands at once for King and People, and is responsible to Parliament for all that it does. This is the most important thing in what we call the British Constitution, which is not a matter of law but of historic development. The Constitution is continually changing, and in recent years the Cabinet has changed a great deal.

Boy. How are such changes brought about?

Man. In the Great War Mr Lloyd George became Prime Minister at the end of 1916. Before that the Cabinet kept no records, and met without what is called an

agenda—a list of subjects for discussion. The ministers talked things over, and as no record was kept they parted sometimes not quite sure what decision had been taken! This sounds odd. Mr Lloyd George formed a War Cabinet of five, which sat continuously from day to day, devoted solely to the war. It met with an agenda and had a secretariat to keep record. It called to its aid, on any particular day, those Cabinet Ministers who were particularly interested in the subjects discussed and also called in under-secretaries, civil servants, and any other men with special knowledge who could help at the moment. Sometimes the War Cabinet thus met with five, ten, or more outsiders. I remember that on one occasion (when I myself was there) the Cabinet room was so full that some had to stand. Thus quick decision could be made on such subjects as a new phase of the fighting, or the shipping question, or a threatened coal strike.

Boy. Is that so now?

Man. There is not now a War Cabinet like that. Mr Churchill's War Cabinet has eight members, consisting of the Prime Minister, four other members without departments to look after, and three others—the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Labour Minister, and the Foreign Secretary. They meet when called together by the Prime Minister. The war itself, however, is directed by a Defence Committee, made up of the heads of the Fighting Services, and three members of the War Cabinet, sitting under the Prime Minister, who is also Minister of Defence. So that really there are two War Cabinets, one of which manages the country while the other manages the war. The Prime Minister has told Parliament that these arrangements work well. Again, you will see, these bodies are not set up by Act of Parliament, but are framed by the Prime Minister to meet national needs. Our system is one which adapts itself to circumstances, and it is generally felt that it works better than a formal written Constitution.

The Ocean Larder

WE have already noted the suggestion that we should eat plankton, the food of fishes.

Plankton consists of almost incredible accumulations of life floating on the surface of the seas. In it, associated with diatoms and other vegetable matter on which the plankton feeds, are billions upon billions of young fishes, crustacea, and other forms of sea life. The marvels of phosphorescence which illumine the sea at night arise from the bodies of these tiny organisms. So vast are these swarms that they colour the sea for hundreds or thousands of miles.

It is all food for the whales, and for the fishes that come to

our tables. If, Sir John Graham Kerr suggests, we could haul in cargoes of plankton, we should have a valuable extra food for wartime. The fact that some forms of plankton taste like shrimp-paste rather whets the appetite. Eaten by one fish, it forms mackerel; eaten by another it becomes herring; and as big fish eat lesser fish, and lesser fish depend entirely on plankton, the whole scheme of ocean animal life is founded on this unending source of energy. The proposal is that we should eat the plankton and disregard the herring, the mackerel, and so on as intermediaries; we should eat, let us say, the wheat instead of the loaf.

New Deal For Sailor Men

OUR sailor men of the merchant service, now even more than in the last World War, are bearing the brunt. Day by day they fetch and carry in the direst danger, even while shoppers grumble because enough is not brought from overseas. It is fortunate, therefore, that the government is planning for those to whom we all owe so much.

The last war saw the establishment of the National Maritime Board, which substantially

raised the seamen's scale of pay. Now merchant seamen are to get a New Deal which will radically change their status.

By ancient custom, seamen sign on for a voyage, so that in a real sense their employment is casual. In future their labour is to be pooled, they will get a steady and constant wage, and jobs will be found for them. When a ship needs a crew it will be drawn from the general pool of seamen.

DEAR EDITOR, May I tell the C.N. of our two kookaburras, and send you this picture, in which you can almost see the patch of blue-green feathers in the wing?

Jack and Jill have lived in our garden for ten years, and though their "Ha-ha-ha-cook-cook" is not very musical, it is so gay and infectious that we cannot help laughing with them. They are rather entertaining, and have taken part in a camp-fire item arranged by Scouts and Guides in the local hall.

The birds were taken down in a covered basket and placed on the darkened stage with the children grouped about the fire. As the curtain rose the basket was opened, someone gave the cue, "Ha-ha, Jacky," and Jack, followed by Jill, hopped up to the edge of the basket and on to the stage, giving peal after peal of laughter to the delight of all.

On another occasion we were telephoning a friend in Adelaide, 65 miles away. He was a frequent



Jack and Jill on the alert

visitor who never failed to exchange pleasantries with Jack and Jill, so we brought them indoors, and told our friend that someone else wished to have a word with him. It was no trouble to start them laughing, but the man at the far end gave an answering call, and to our astonishment the birds heard and recognised his voice and laughed again for him.

Our pets are not caged, but have almost a quarter of an acre of garden with trees and shrubs and four different baths which they share with magpies and other birds, so they should be happy.

We cannot share our safety and peace and plenty with you as we would wish, so I decided to send you this trifle truly Australian, and would be thrilled if a record of their call had been possible too.

Every good wish for a grand and universal All Clear.

E. J. M. Hastings, South Australia

At a Wayside Station

On one of our country stations at Lyne (in Peeblesshire) travellers may notice a man wearing a soft hat and an old suit who acts as porter, ticket-collector, and booking-clerk at this wayside station. He is Mr Hugh Gibson, a former chief of the South African Railways and Harbours, and this is the way in which he is doing his share in the Battle for Freedom.

MERCURY COMING NEARER

Where the Sun Appears to Stand Still

THE evening sky is now of particular interest owing to the presence of Mercury and Venus, writes the C.N. astronomer. These worlds are low in the west and both may be seen soon after sunset. Venus, which is much brighter than Mercury, is likely to come into view first and will be found not far above the horizon and a little way to the left of where the sun had set about half-an-hour before, that is between 10.30 and 10.40 p.m.

Mercury is, at present, at a much higher altitude and does not set until an hour after Venus; on June 1 Mercury will be found much farther to the left of, and almost in a line with, Venus and the place where the sun had set. Mercury should be visible until about an hour and a half after sunset, that is until about 11.30 p.m., though after next week he begins to set a few minutes earlier each evening.

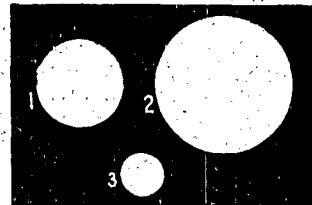
So in a fortnight's time Mercury will be difficult to discern in the sunset afterglow, but in the meantime he will appear gradually to draw nearer to Venus, and eventually by June 20 he will appear close to and below Venus. This should be perceptible with the aid of glasses if looked for about half an hour after sunset and if the sky is clear down to the horizon.

Rapidly Moving Worlds

Thus these two rapidly moving worlds may be watched from evening to evening. Both are approaching the Earth, Mercury being much the nearer. He will be nearly 100 million miles away on June 1, but this will be reduced to 75 million miles two weeks later, while by July 2, when Mercury is at his nearest to us and passes almost between our world and the Sun, he will be barely 60 million miles away.

Venus, on the other hand, will be 156 million miles away on June 1 and only about 5 million miles nearer two weeks later, so Mercury will then be just about midway between us and Venus, although appearing so close to Venus. Mercury is now nearing aphelion, or his farthest point from the Sun, a circumstance which brings him nearer to us by 14,500,000 miles as compared with perihelion, or his

nearest to the Sun; so the coming fortnight will provide a favourable opportunity for viewing this rarely seen planet, which races round the Sun in only 88 days.



The relative sizes of the Sun as seen from Mercury; 1, at aphelion; 2, at perihelion; compared with 3, the sun as seen from the Earth

This varying distance of Mercury from the Sun brings about a curious state of things on Mercury apart from the great increase of light and heat which amounts to the proportion of 9 to 4. For, seen from Mercury, the Sun's disc also increases periodically to the extent shown in the diagram; this would be a most mystifying procedure to any possible Mercurians, unless they knew the cause. If the Earth experienced a similar state of things, one wonders how we should endure it and what explanations would have been invented before the days of Copernicus to account for the apparent expansion and contraction of the Sun.

Now if, as appears to be the case, Mercury always keeps the same side turned towards the Sun, as the Moon does toward the Earth, then the effect of Mercury's alternate approach and recession from the Sun in the course of every 88 days, would be still more remarkable and intensified on that hemisphere upon which the Sun was always shining. How astonishing would be the sight if our world enjoyed similar conditions. For the Sun would then appear to be always in the same place in the sky and would be for ever appearing to expand for a few weeks and then to diminish in size in a most mysterious way, unless we knew why. What a difference this little word makes to our conception of things!

G. F. M.

The Orphans the Japs Have Made

Young Americans are being asked to help the millions of Chinese orphaned by the war. As little as ten cents will feed a Chinese child for ten days!

From Finmoore in British Columbia came a money order for four dollars with this note: "Four of us have put in a dollar each to show that our heart is in the right place, even if the pocket is empty. The biggest crowd that ever turned out to a funeral in Vanderhoof, a little place west of here, came out to the funeral of the Chinese restaurant keeper. He had played the game."

Three dollars came from a family in Virginia which had saved it up by going without dessert for a month; a maid in New Jersey sent her week's wages, while a retired surgeon in New York gave his case of fine surgical tools to the China Relief Committee.

Candle Light

Sir James Jeans recently told us of a device that can pick up the light of a candle 2000 miles away. The human eye can see it on a dark night a mile and a half away.

But (like the schoolboy who, when asked to define a rhomboid, said it all depended on what you meant by a rhomboid) we should all like to know what the scientist means when he refers to a candle's light.

It measures it in what it calls "lumens," and a single candle has a light of 12 lumens. It would be possible to read a page of the C.N. by the light of five "lumens" (less than half a candle-power) held five inches away from the printed page.

Our great-grandfathers had little more; but if great-grandfather's house had to be lit by candles as well as we should light it by electric light today he would have had to burn as much as half a ton of candles a month.

The Heroic Spirit Built Into an African Cathedral

Africa is marching on to a civilisation more and more enduring, and this is one of the continent's fine stories.

Our victories in Abyssinia have ensured that Kenya and its neighbour Uganda will not become part of a big Italian empire, which would probably have been their fate had not the advance of the Italians across their border been rolled back.

The natives of Kenya and Uganda share in the happiness which all Africa feels about this, for in both these countries we have ruled with a consideration for native customs which has assured their enthusiastic loyalty. The missionary has been largely responsible for this state of affairs, and in Uganda particularly Christianity has made great progress. The boy ruler of the province of Buganda (King Mutesa) has been trained at a church college.

On an African Hilltop

Canon Frank Rowling of Leeds has sent us some notes about the building of the cathedral in which King Mutesa worships, and we gladly tell the story, as it reveals the way in which a great task was carried out during the last war. The canon is probably the only living Englishman who took part in the wonderful achievement of building a cathedral at the top of Amirembe Hill at Kampala.

The old church of sun-dried bricks had been burned down, and no contractor could be found to construct a new one, so the clergy and the people decided to make a start. Well-made bricks were the first need, and suitable clay had to be found. Uganda has no deep beds of this, and samples of what they had were sent home to test for quality. While the people collected materials for the kilns in which the millions of bricks required could be burnt. No coal could be found, so the native king gave permission for wood to be cut from his forest, which was fortunately near the selected brickfield. Bands of workers cut down trees and sawed them into logs for the furnaces.

Preparing the Concrete

A brick-making machine with a oil-engine to drive it were obtained from England, carted in sections to the brickfield, and set up under grass sheds while the foundations of the engine-bed were got ready. They had no cement for so great a block as was necessary, but, after a long search, a native chief offered three barrels of cement which had lain on his verandah for years and had become as hard as rock. They had to do the best they could with this, and broke it up with sledge-hammers, ground it with stones, and sifted it till it was as powder, from which they made concrete.

Then they discovered the sad fact that no rivets or solder had been sent out with the water-pumps for cooling the engine, or had holes been punched in their sections. An archdeacon found some small rivets in his sacrament box, solder was begged and bought wherever possible,

and the Uganda Company supplied the rest. After four weeks' hard work the tanks were watertight.

Then the engine would not work, for it had been overlooked in England that Uganda is 4000 feet above sea-level, with an atmospheric pressure of 26 inches instead of the 30 needed for the compression chamber. A block of iron had to be fitted inside the cylinder head before the mixed vapour would explode.

Natives were trained by a skilled brickmaker from England, and the machine now began to pour out bricks. But to get these from the works to the cathedral site five miles away was a problem in itself, for there was no road up the hill. A winding road was made, culverts built to take off the heavy rain, and carts bought, though they had to go as far as Nairobi for them.

The cathedral was originally expected to cost £20,000, half to be raised in England and half in Uganda, where the leading chiefs gave a third of their rentals; yet before the foundations had been completed half this sum had been spent, and the war had come to raise all costs. So the plan was modified and the natives agreed to double their contributions; their grand total would have amounted to £250,000 if raised and spent in England.

Uganda Stone

The chiefs cut down their best hardwood trees for the roof and fittings.

Stone for the pillars to support the dome was as difficult a problem as the bricks, for the war stopped the marble which should have come from Italy. A 600-mile search failed to reveal any suitable stone in Uganda, but happily Canon Rowling went to spend Christmas with a friend 55 miles away, and in a plantation noticed an outcrop of sandstone. He had a sample tested, and it proved excellent. Masons were fetched from Nairobi, and for the first time on record Uganda stone was cut and shaped for building.

Canon Rowling recalls that some Mohammedan chiefs, seeing these stone pillars, said: "Now we know that your God is the true God, as He has given you the wisdom to cut and work stone like wood."

It is a story of energy as well as faith, and there can be few cathedrals with more devoted zeal behind it than this cathedral of Uganda.

THIS KIND WORLD

In wartime people find many opportunities for kindly actions. Not long ago a British soldier serving in the Middle East broadcast a message to his wife in a B.B.C. programme.

Shortly afterwards a big car stopped outside the house in which the soldier's wife lives. A man alighted and, when he was satisfied that he had found the right house, asked if the family had a wireless set. If they had not, he said, he would buy them one.

A WALK THROUGH THE AMERICAS

With a pack on his back and carrying a travel-stained Venezuelan banner, a Boy Scout has nearly finished a walk of 18,500 miles, which is designed to end with the placing of a wreath on George Washington's tomb.

Since Julio Berrizbeitia left his home in Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, on November 1, 1938, he has fought Red Indians in Colombia and stalked wild animals in Panama. Julio, who is 20, a dark and wiry lad, set out to see the world with five other Scouts, but one of them died of thirst in a Peruvian desert. There the

lad ran out of water and wandered about for a week. When their comrade died they carried his body 200 miles until they came to a prospector's hut, where they rested before going on to Lima.

After that the boys went on through South America, and it was on the Colombia border that Red Indians started shooting arrows at them. Julio was wounded, but managed to escape into the jungle with the others.

At Panama more bad luck befell the Scouts. One developed pneumonia, and three others decided that they had better take

him home, so Julio was left alone. He fell in with a friendly Red Indian tribe and travelled with them for a time, learning how to stalk wild animals, eating snake meat as the Indians did.

Then they tramped on to Mexico City, where Julio told all his adventures to the President.

When Julio crossed the Texas border not long ago to the United States he was besieged with offers of a lift by car, but refused them all. In each town he passed through he is feasted by the Scouts, who usually buy him shoes for he has worn out fifty pairs.

Great KOLYNOS Painting COMPETITION



Boys and Girls! Here's a fine chance to show your skill. All you have to do is to colour with your crayons or paints the whole of this picture as nicely as you can.

PRIZES FOR ALL WHO ENTER!

When you have done this, send it, together with an empty Kolynos carton or tube, to Kolynos, 12, Chancery Street, London, W.C.1 (Dept. PCI). In the space provided write your name and address. Now, out with your crayons, paints and brushes and see what you can do.

Every boy or girl who enters will be sent FREE a fine 32-page coloured Pocket Atlas containing detailed maps of every country in the world, and including this year's calendar.

Name

Address

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

THE ECONOMICAL TOOTH PASTE

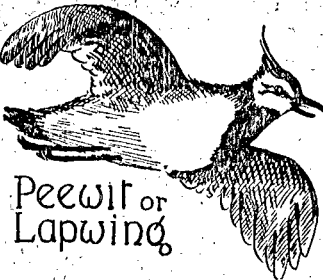
BETTER WITH

Two men were watching a parachute descent from a plane. "I'd hate to be coming down with that parachute," said one. "I'd hate to be coming down without it," replied the other.

Reverse

THERE was a young maiden of Diss
Who said, "Now, I think skating
bliss."
But one night, rather late,
A wheel came off her skate,
And she finished up something
like this.

FRIEND OR FOE?



THE familiar black and white peewit is one of the farmer's most valuable friends, its diet consisting almost entirely of injurious pests such as wireworms and leatherjackets, and beetles, slugs, and moths. Flocks of peewits on the ploughland should gladden the farmer's eye as they consume enormous quantities of grubs throughout the year. The bird is also known as the green plover.

Tongue-Twister

SURELY seaside shoe shops should shut at six sharp.

The Bishop's Puzzle

BISHOP WILBERFORCE once made up this puzzle for his friends. All pronounce me a wonderful piece of mechanism, and yet few people have numbered the strange medley of which I am composed.

I have a large box and two lids, two caps, two musical instruments, a number of weathercocks, three measures, some weapons of warfare, and a great many little articles that carpenters cannot do without.

Then I have about me a couple of esteemed fishes and a great many smaller sea creatures, two lofty trees, a fruit, a handsome stag, and a great number of a smaller kind of game, two halls or places of worship, two students, and ten scholars or Spanish gentlemen. I have what is the terror of the slave; also two domestic animals and a number of negatives.

Answer next week

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). Including Purchase Tax. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1, 2/3 and 3/11. (Including Purchase Tax). Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia'.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

THE BRAN TUB

The Busy Bee

THE question old, "How doth the busy bee
Improve each shining hour?"
we'll hear no more;
A naturalist has now announced
that she
Works three hours only out of
twenty-four.

How Joan of Arc Wrote Her Name

ON May 30, 1431, Joan of Arc, the stainless maid of France, was burned in Rouen. No story in history is more glorious, for in two crowded years she saved her country and gave an immortal source of inspiration to the world. She was born on January 6, 1412, so that when she faced a terrible death she was not twenty years old. She was simple and untutored, but nothing could shake her conviction of her mission to fight against evil and save the poor people of France from shame and sorrow.

Magic of Figures

IF you multiply 37 by 3, 6, 9, and the various multiples of 3 up to 27, all the figures of each product will be the same and the figures will run in a series thus:

37	37	37	37	37
3	6	9	12	15
111	222	333	444	555

This is another curious instance of the magic of figures.

Reading Across. 1 An exploit. 4 A celestial body. 8 Boy. 9 To make tense. 10 Methodical arrangement. 12 Maker of honey. 13 Electric light. 14 Instrument used by a craftsman. 16 Junior. 20 A kind of weak glue used by paperhangers. 21 Preposition denoting contiguity. 23 A Judge and Priest of Israel. 25 Weird. 27 A piece of pasture land. 29 To employ. 30 One of three in the school year. 31 Stalk.

Reading Down. 1 Large mass of floating ice. 2 In good time. 3 To increase. 4 Southern Railway. 5 Important article of furniture. 6 A single pip on a card. 7 Tall grass of the marshlands. 9 Tamed by exposure to the sun. 11 Pocket-case for needles and pins. 15 Sounds like two letters and is an architectural moulding. 17 Willow used in basket-making. 18 To elevate. 19 Not right. 22 To be abundant. 24 To rest lengthwise. 28 The track of a wheel. 29 Long Metre.

THE MYSTERY STONE

BENE
AT . HTH . IS . ST
ONERE . POS . ET
H . CLAUD . COS . TERT
R . I . P
ES . ELLE . RO
F . IMP
IN . G . TONAS . DO
TH . HISCO
N . SORTJ
A . N . E

AN old worn stone was found in an East Anglian village with this inscription on it, carved in old-fashioned letters. Do you know what it means?

Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, true seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Mercury and Venus are in the west; and in the morning Mars is in the south and Saturn is low in the east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at

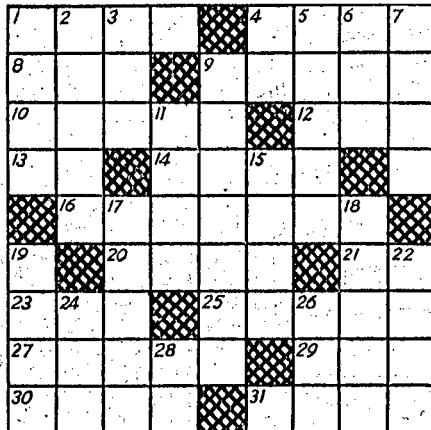


10 p.m. on Monday, June 2.

Do You Live at Goole?

GOOLE is an old English word meaning a small stream or ditch, and the name is no doubt a reference to the situation of the town in its earliest days.

Half-Hour Cross Word



Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

Queen of Roses

WHICH of the roses that adorn Our gardens is without a thorn? And which can rule them best? The rose upon the watering-pot, Alone exempt from thorny lot, Queen-like rains o'er the rest.

LOGIC

AIN'T ain't a proper word, because ain't ain't in the dictionary. If ain't ain't there, ain't that proving that there ain't any such word as ain't?

I SAY

A GENTLEMAN who was in the habit of interlarding his discourse with the expression "I say," having been informed by a friend that a certain individual had made some ill-natured remarks upon this peculiarity, took the opportunity of addressing him in the following amusing style of rebuke:

I say, sir, I hear say you say I say "I say" at every word I say. Now, sir, although I know I say "I say" at every word I say, still I say, sir, it is not for you to say I say "I say" at every word I say.

Jacko Sleeps Out



THE weather had turned so warm that Jacko decided to sleep out of doors. He fixed himself up very comfortably in the hammock, and was soon asleep, snoring like a grampus. But presently the wind got up, and Jacko woke just in time to save himself from being shot out of the hammock, which was swaying violently from side to side.

The Choice Flower

A COUNTRY nurseryman made a large amount of money by selling a simple little flower which he advertised as the *Rhodum sidus*. The name proved particularly attractive and resulted in a big business.

One day a botanist who was shown the new flower by an admiring lady friend noticed that it was nothing more than an ordinary familiar weed, common throughout the countryside. He wrote and asked the nurseryman where he had obtained the name by which he sold it, and in reply received a postcard with the words:

I found this flower in the road beside us,
So christened it the *Rhodum sidus*.

Ici on Parle Français

The Birds of the Air

24. Nul ne peut servir deux maîtres. Car, ou il haïra l'un, et aimera l'autre; ou il s'attachera à l'un, et méprisera l'autre. Vous ne pouvez servir Dieu et Mammon.

25. C'est pourquoi je vous dis: Ne vous inquiétez pas pour votre vie de ce que vous mangerez, ni pour votre corps de quoi vous serez vêtus. La vie n'est-elle pas plus que la nourriture, et le corps plus que le vêtement?

26. Regardez les oiseaux du ciel: ils ne sèment ni ne moissonnent, et ils n'amassent rien dans des greniers; et votre Père céleste les nourrit. Ne valez-vous pas beaucoup plus qu'eux? From Matthew VI

BEDTIME

Is This Your Name?

These jumbled-up letters will spell the name of a boy when they are properly rearranged. DREF

The Days of the Week

MONDAY for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday for very good fortune,
Thursday for losses,
Friday for crosses,
Saturday no luck at all,
And Sunday the best day of all.

The Raven and the Swan

A RAVEN whose feathers were glossy black became envious of a swan whose feathers were beautifully white, and he determined that he, too, would have white feathers. So, giving up his natural course of life, he took to the river, thinking that the water would make him white.

CORNER

The change of habits, however, and the cold which he caught through being constantly in and out of the water, led to an illness that cost him his life.

It is foolish to imitate others from envy.

A Bible Question

Who was the preacher in the wilderness, clad in a raiment of camel's hair?

John the Baptist

LORD JESUS, give me a thankful heart and keep me from ill-temper and grumbling. Keep me cheerful when things go wrong and my plans are upset. Forgive me if I have sinned this day or been troublesome, and keep me through this night from all harm. Make me one of Thy little ones, and grant that I may love Thee always. Amen



Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Prices 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax). Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'